

[**Harrington/// Let's Talk**](#) by [**1975isbae**](#)

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Summary:

Billy and Steve seem to be having some problems with each other. Until they meet at a party, and something unexpected happened.

Harrington/// Let's Talk

Steve POV

Every time I walk past him in the hall, in gym class, in the parking lot he gives me this smug "fuck-you" look. I don't know what I ever did to him to be treated like that, but hell if i'm going to be nice to him. Hell, people call me King-Steve, might as well live out the title. Next time I see him I might just have to say something.

Who? You might ask. Billy Hargrove. He just moved here from California, and thinks he is so cool because he has a nice car and good hair. Not that i'm complimenting him or anything, that's just what everyone thinks.

Suddenly, I see him walking towards me, hands in pockets, down the hall. As soon as he passes me, with that stupid look on his face, I just had to say something.

"Hey, ...Hargrove!" I shout after him. "Wanna wipe that look off your face before I do." A few faces turn to look and see what the commotion was. He turns around and looks at me, huge grin on his face.

"What was that, Princess?" Billy asks, looking evilly at me. I hesitate, my confidence faltering, but only for a moment.

"I said quit looking at me like that or i'll have to help you do it." I say with a false sense of confidence i've never felt before.

"Ha... Okay," He says looking around at all the people watching, "How about we take this outside and then we'll talk."

"Sureee...." I say, unsure of why we couldn't just talk here. I follow him out of the double-doors of the school and to his car in the parking lot.

"You wanted to talk..." I ask, as we walk outside, not understanding why he was making such a big deal out of this, and couldn't have just brushed this off and kept walking down the hall.

"Yeah..., I just wanted to know why you think you're so entitled here. I mean, for God's sake, people are calling you King-Fucking-Steve. But to me you just seem like a scared little boy." Billy says staring me straight in the eyes, very out-of-character for him, it seemed.

"Fuck you Hargrove! You don't know shit about me! You've been here for what? A week, and you seem to think you know all about me." I say getting more and more irritated by the second.

"Oh, i've seen people like you, i've known people like you before. Rich boy who thinks the world revolves around his conceited ass." Billy says with a evil scowl on his face. If I didn't know better, I would have thought he sounded jealous.

"You know nothing!" I yell before turning around and storming off. Who was he to tell me about my life? That dumb ass doesn't know a thing about me. Ugh, way to ruin my day. I shouldn't have said anything to him in the first place.

I see Nancy walking towards me and fall into step beside her.

"Hey, how was your day?" She asks, smiling at me.

"It was shit." I say not wanting to go into context with Nancy about Billy right now.

"Well, maybe the Halloween party tonight will cheer you up. I was thinking we could dress up as Sandy and Danny from Grease?" She says with a glint of hope in her big doe eyes. Honestly, the last thing I wanted to do tonight was go to some lame party with cheap booze and drunken teens stumbling around trying to make out with everyone in sight. But for the sake of my "King-Steve" title I give in.

"Sure, I guess, pick you up at 7:00." I say and detach myself from Nancy's side to get to biology class.

It's 6:45 and i'm on my way to pick up Nancy now. I'm not looking forward to tonight, and plan on getting drunk to distract myself. I pick up Nancy and we're on our way, we get there and already i'm disgusted. There is a couple tongue-fucking each other, a fat guy puking his guts out, and Billy Fucking Hargrove. I didn't even think

about the fact that he would be here. Goddamn, I'm just wanting to have a boring alcohol-filled night, but nothing was boring when it involved him.

"Um, uh go ahead and go in, i'll catch up." I say to Nancy, not really understanding why I wanted to talk to Billy, but I did want to understand why he thought this about me. Nancy walks into the house, and I make my way over to Billy.

"Hey Princess." Billy says to me when he sees me walking towards me.

"Don't call me that." I grumble and cross my arms across my chest, almost pouting.

"Ha ha, getting angry are we?" He says with a fake frown that quickly turns into a grin.

"Why do you fucking hate me?" I ask, and this wipes the grin right off of his face. "I mean, I didn't do shot to you, and you're freaking harassing me about shit you don't even know is true!" I say, and he honestly looks kind of sorry, not that he would ever admit it.

"I never said I hated y-" But I cut him off.

"Well you fucking act like it!"

"Stop!"

"Going around telling people how much of a fucking conceited ass I am!" Inexplicable tears start to form in my eyes, and I don't know if it's just from my anger.

"Stop it!"

"Not to mention, you're not so fucking perfect eith-" I start to keep yelling before i'm cut off by Billy's body suddenly pressed against mine. I instantly pull away with a confused look on my face.

"Wha?" I say not understanding the gesture. Billy looks so embarrassed he could die. He starts to turn away, but I grab his arm to turn him back to me. I look into his eyes, seeing hurt, pain,

embarrassment, and heart brokenness there. Feeling sympathy, pity, and sorrow I don't think and suddenly pull us together until our bodies are pressed together and so are our lips. At first neither of us moves, not really understanding or knowing what to do. Finally, to my relief, he moves his lips against mine, and I also engage into the kiss. Suddenly it turns passionate, me running my hands through his hair, his hands on my waist. I finally pull away and look at him, hoping to get a good reaction. Billy had a huge smirk on his face.

"You're not so bad after all, princess." He says, and I scoff rolling my eyes, and choosing to ignore the nickname.

"You're not so bad yourself, Hargrove." I say.

"You wanna get out of here? I hate high school parties." Billy says.

"Sure, I do too." I say and smile as we walk back to his car together. We get in the car and drive into the night, full of possibilities.